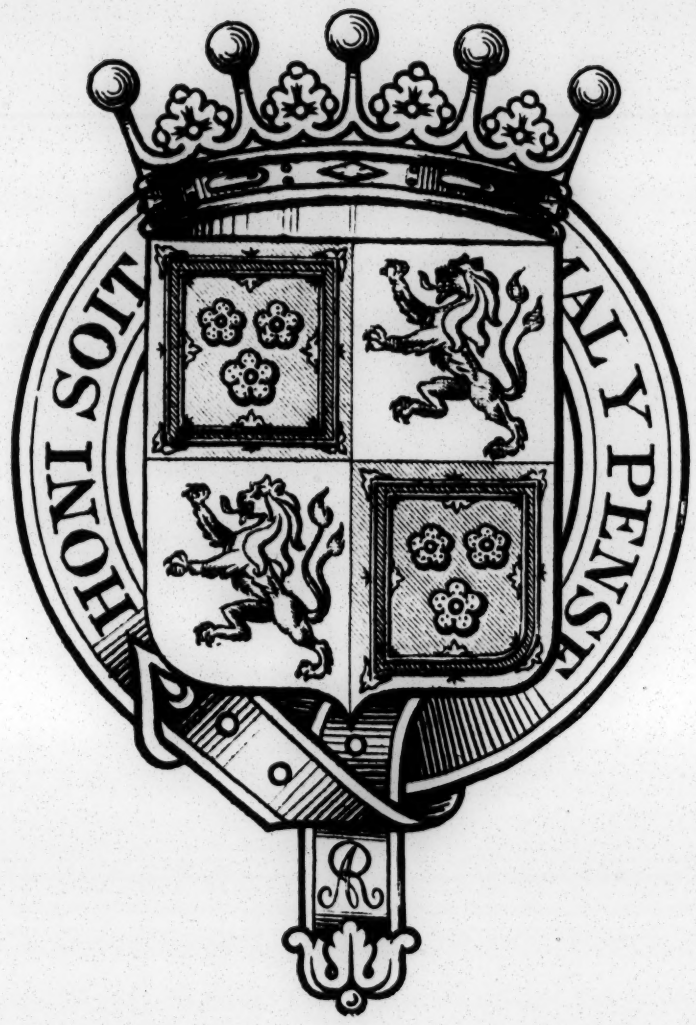

1.6.111

THE WORK Goes Bonnely on.

GOd-a mercy good honeſt Blew-beard, for giving a Text at leaſt (when Funerall Sermons were not in cuſtome) to theſe glorious and illuſtrious Martyrs, ſacrificed for their good conſcience to GOD and the KING; at *Glaſgow*, St. *Andrews* and *Edinburgh*, hurried hence in Seas of Blood, with this your *plaudite*, *The Work goes bonnely on.*

But now bleſſed be God, the Covenant and all belongs thereto hath catch't a fall, a fearfull fall! and the hideous impoſturs, in pretence of Reformation, being now ignominiouſly blaſted, may change their tune, but keep the words, *The Work goes bonnely on boys.*

It were cruelty to make uſe of the Text now, when the Covenants Champion is put to a retreat, leaving one *Guthry* a Remonſtrator Miniſter, and another *Giffin* his ruling Elder to follow in a *depending way*; and yet it's impoſſible at all ſuch occaſions but you ſhall hear in every ones mouth, *The Work goes bonnely on.*

One would think (at leſt a good Proteſtant) that the reading of holy Scripture, ſinging Pſalms before Sermons, the uſing of the Lords Prayer, rehearſing the Apoſtolick Creed at Baptiſm, giving glory to God at the end of Pſalms, and uſing of Prayer morning and evening in Congregations, were good and bony works, but the good Synod (which is none of the learned'ſt) where Blew-beard is a member, hath rejected ſuch works, when tendered to them by a noble Perſon, for which he diſſolved their Synod, and ſo *their work Went ſcurvily on.* Now, if theſe who refuſe ſuch things had not need of Over-ſeers, any man may judge, unleſs you'l ſay the *ſheep needs no Sheepherd*, and that's ill again.

May 29. (a day by Order of Parliament, ordered to be kept as a holy Day of Thanksgiving, for the signal Mercy's wherewith it is honoured) the good Town of *Edinburgh*, after the whole morning had been spent in all the Churches of the Town, and in *Scotland*, in Devotion, carried on their Work merrily and cheerfully. Sermon ended in the Parliament House before His Grace, and the whole Members, preach't by that Worthy and Loyal Divine, Mr. *Robert Lawrie*, happy at this time, both in confirming proselyt Royalists and convincing Covenanted Fanaticks. Sir *Robert Murray* Lord Provost, accompanied with the other Magistrates and Common Council, conducted the Lord Commissioner with all the rest of the Parliament, to the great Hall of King JAMES His Colledge; where at the entry he was welcomed by Mr. *Lighton* Principal of the place, with a *Latine* Speech, which with other pieces of Poetry are printed by themselves. Here was prepared by the City of *Edinburgh* a most sumptuous and magnificent Feast, that it was thought by many, and these witty Travellers, that all *Europe* could not out-do it: It's order was admirable, without the lest of confusion, (ordinary at such publique Solemnities) though the number of the Sitters was very great. The Lord Provost and all other the Magistrates discovered such jollity and chearfulnesse that cannot be exprest, all the Royal healths being accompanied with continual Canonado's from the Castle, and thus *The work went bonnily one.*

Not Sitters at Glory to the Father.

In the Banquet presented to the Lord Commissioner and the Members of Parliament, there was a most rare artificial *Orange* Tree placed before his *Grace*, and he pulling the *Orange* was next him, found within it this following ORATION.

Heroick Sir,

ALbeit I am one of the most sense-satisfying creatures, which owes their birth and being to the glorious Sun, and am one of the Spaniards Rodomontade boasts, when his sarabanding fancy capers in its Zenith; Yet Sir, I was not so vain, as to esteem my native qualities, or admired value, sufficient to recommend me to your Highness touch, without Robes of suggar: Thereby likewise intending to acknowledge, that your Royal Masters Dominions (whose bowels are so liberal

beral of sugar) can highten the delicacies of *Spain*. I believe, Sir, the world knows, that those of my tribe, are ordinarily propogated by these rayes, who have in their Commission, to transubstantiat earth in gold (a transubstantiation which Puritanes themselves will not challenge) Yet finding, that in their journey, they are able to gratifie Ladies, Princes, and such Heroes as you. (Great Sir,) By our nativity they imbrace the earth, kisses it, and courts it hotly to concur to our generation. It is alleaged likewise, that the Sun exhals the Beauties of the Ladies both of *Portugal* and *Spain*, meerly and mostly to beautifie us. And such is the respect we have from the greatest Potentates of the world, that they are most content to admit us to their Table: And Ladies likewise rate our fellowship so highly, that they will not refuse us their hands, when they refuse them to their dearest Gallants: And such is our approven secrecy, that they will suffer us to be near them, when they are imployed most satisfyingly. I will speak nothing of our charity in going about to visit the sick, nor of our skill in healing them; nor yet of our eloquence in perswading the queasie stomacks of green-sickneſſed Ladies, nor yet how we are content to fall from the breast of our mother Trees, that we may visit you of these Countries.

Nature (Sir) in requital of that unparallel'd improvement you have made of her endowments, hath, to evidence her gratefull resentment, gone out of the high road of custom; and for your Highnes honour and satisfaction, hath fashioned this lovely Tree which you see, and whereof I am a depender: Heaven and Earth, albeit they have of a long time, stood at a great distance, (the Sun looking still but coldly, cloudily and angrily upon this climat) yet both have concurred in this complement, Heaven contributing heat, and Earth its most refined substance: And albeit *Portugal* be our chief mannour place, yet we are grown up here to assure the Subjects of these Dominions, that *Portugal* fruit may grow in this Isle, if the ground be well cultivate: providence intends to send you a Cien from thence, which, when grafted upon a good stock, will (we hope) both Blossome and Budde to your admiration, and posterity shall say,

——— Non deficit alter aureus,
Et simili frondescet virga metallo.

WE may (Sir) pretend ſome intereſt in your Royal Maſter, as in the Uncle of that Noble Prince, whoſe Progenitors choſe us for His princly Title. And in you, Sir, as one whoſe ſword may prove the ſupporter of His Throne; If the Belgick Lyon ſhould begin to tare at it with his warlike Tusks; And then the Sea ſhould be an Eſcutcheon, which ſhall bear two Lyons contre-ſaliant. For we ſee that your Prince hath beautified your Shield with a Lyon rampant, to ſimbolize your courage, and to point at your reſpect to your Royal Maſter; that Lyon though rampant, is willing to barrier himſelf within two threeds (called by the French *fillets*) of a double treaſure, becauſe they are enriched with Flower *de luces*, from which, as being a part of the Royall Badges, He ſtands at ſome diſtance. Your name doth Caballiſtically ſuit with Your Armes, for *IOANNES MIDLTONUS* anagrammatized, is, *Leo es non imitandus*. Pardon me (Sir) for diveſting your name of it's Robes of honourable Titles; for I did it, that it might breath a little the air of Applauſe. Writers alledge, that the Lyon is ſtill in a feaver of courage; imploy us (Sir) to cool a little that heat: and ſeing you are now in the Sunſhine, and ſummer of peace, quench theſe unneceſſary, though noble flames, till the Winter of War begin to ſtorm; which cannot be whilſt your Great Maſter ſhines like the Sun in the ſigns of *Virgo* and *Leo*. Your humour doth *Janus*-like, look with a two faced providence to Peace and Warre; And ſince *Janus*, his Temple was cloſed, ye have merited moe Lawrells from the hands of *Themis*, then *Mars* had to beſtow upon you: and theſe noble Statutes which ye have touched by your Sceptered hand, ſhall for ever be *Novellæ Leonis* to this Kingdom. And we wiſh that the Lyon of your Armes, in recompenſe of this ſervice, did like the Lyon which the Venetians bear, carry a book in his claws in-ſigned with this inſcription.

GOD ſave the KING.

o the Emor wrote tutes, cal- Novellæ, auſe writafter all the er Laws.

Out of an Ark of Corde-citron, flew a Dove with an *Olive* branch in its mouth, carrying this enſuing Scroll, with a great many more other curioſities; invented and compoſed by that skilfull Arteſt *Robert Mein*.

My Lord,

MY great Grandam was twice commiſſionat by your Maſters great Grandfather, and common Father to you all, the Soveraign of the ſecond World. She diſcharged her firſt Commiſſion honeſtly, as your Grace did

yours

yours, (and by her I claim some affinity with you) she did not like the Corbie Messenger that went before her; she return'd the first time to her Master re infecta, because she found no rest for the sole of her foot, for the waters were over the face of the whole Earth: Your Grace, in like manner, was first sent out by your Master, to see if the waters of Rebellion were abated over the face of this Land, but you found no rest for your foot, though you alighted upon Mountains as high as Ararat, for the Flood had raised it self above all those too; therefore you did very honestly return, and like my great Grandmother, gave your Master a perfect accompt. But Noah stayed yet other seven dayes, and then again sent my Grandmother out of the Ark, who finding the waters abated, and the Earth ready to receive her Masters Commands, returned with an Olive leaf in her mouth, the true Emblem of Peace and Tranquility.

My Lord, even just so, after other seven dayes, counting according to the Prophets, a year for a day, as if by a Platonick revolution, our times re-acted these of the great Deludge. Your Glorious King, whom, like another Noah, God had marvelously preserv'd as in an Ark, from the universal inundation of these Lands, sent out your Grace the second time with the like Commission as my Grandmother had; and indeed she did as much as was possible for any that could not speak, the Olive leaf spake fully for her: But your Grace, I must confess, hath out-gone her wonderfully, you have made the Earth to shout, and the Aire to resound the glad tydings of Peace and Prosperity; you have sent His Majesty before your own return, several Branches of the Olive, you stay a little longer your self, till you levell the Mountains and make the Valies flourish like the Gardens of Hesperiades, and having subdued the watchfull Dragon of Rebellion, you command the golden apples of due obedience to lawfull Authority: So may Jerusalem again have Peace within her walls, and Prosperity within her gates; and so may your Royal Master with the permission of His greater Affairs, desire in better times to revisit the mansions, where one hundred and nine of His Progenitors have been born, and transmitted a Monarchicall Crown to him through the decursion of twenty Centuries.

GOD save your KING.

Nothing was wanting in the Good Town at this splendid Solemnity, whereby they might witness their Loyal Affections: for after the Entertainment, then begun the breaking of Glasses about Bonfires, which were so great, that a Whigumire Elder in going alongst the Streets was cured of a *French* Scruby, which he had purchased at a Family Exercise, with a Remonstratrix; and so his *Work went Bonnily on.*

WE carry not on the work alone, for our Loyal Brethren in England *performes their part, as may be seen by this following extract, out of their publick Intelligencer, after he had at large descrybed the Order of the Great* Montrose *his Funerall.*

And

And here we cannot but minde you (and we cannot forbear) that the same day that the bloody Covenanters condemned the immortal *James* Marquess of *Montrose* to that bloody Execution (*viz.* May 20.) was the same day, that the most honourable House of Peers ordered the Solemn League and Covenant it self to be burned by the hand of the common Hangman; the Order it self is in *hæc verba*.

Die Lunæ, 20. Maii, 1661.

The Lords in Parliament Assembled, having considered of a Paper sent unto them from the House of Commons, for Burning of the Instrument or Writting, called, The Solemn League or Covenant by the hands of the common Hangman; Do Order that the said Instrument or Writting, called, The Solemn League and Covenant, be Burned by the hand of the Common hangman in the New Palace at Westminster, in Cheapside, and before the Old Exchange, on Wednesday the twenty second of this instant May. And that the said Covenant be forthwith taken off the Record in the House of Peers, and in all other Courts and places where the same is Recorded; And that all Copies thereof be taken down out of all Churches, Chappels, and other publick places in England and Wales, and in the Town of Barwick upon Tweed, where the same are set up.

May, 22.

This day (according to Order of both Lords and Commons) that pernicious Oath, called the *Solemn League and Covenant* was burned by the hand of the Common hangman in the New Palace *Westminster*, in *Cheapside*, and at the Old Exchange: The executioner (to give the hangman his due) did his part perfectly well; for having kindled his fire, he tore that *Solemn League* into very many pieces: first burn'd the Preface, and then cast each parcel solemnly into the fire; lifting up his hands and eyes, not leaving the least shread, but burn'd it root and branch (what a damnable wicked *Covenant* was this, that makes us applaud the very hangman for burning it) This is that fatal Oath born in *Scotland*, and fed in both Kingdoms with the blood and lively hood of more thousand Christians then this Oath had words; for you formerly were told that this Covenant consists of that Beastly number of *666* words, neither more nor lesse.

And while we speak of Bonfires (happy for *Great Britain* if this Fire had been kindled in 1643.) We must remember that this day seven-night (*May* 29.) is the Anniversary of the Birth of our most gracious Soveraign King *CHARLES* the Second, which by Act of Parliament is to be set apart and solemnized through his Majesties Dominions; a Proclamation for that purpose is already in the Press; and let us add one Faggot to the Bonfire, that the 29. of *May* was the day (1549.) that the Book of Common Prayer was first established, as sure as on that day His Majesty this time twelvemonth (after nineteen years absence) came in triumph to Whitehall, whom God in mercy to these unhappy happy Kingdoms, grant long to reign over us, and a Blister on that tongue that will not say, AMEN.

And

And to put a greater luſtre on the Bonny Work, *ſome Loyal and Ingenious ſpirit hath compoſed this Madrigal, which I could Wiſh were apted to the tun of.* The Work goes bonnily on: *In time our reverend Hang-man* Jocky Dunmoor *may have ſuch another divertiſement by its mother, and then the Work, without dowbt, will go bonnely on.*

The Execution of the

COVENANT,

Burnt by the Common-Hang-man *Edward Dun*, PRESBYTER, *May* 22. 1661.

Publiſhed for the uſe of Dr. *B.* and Mr. *Norcref*, and the reſt of the Rigid Presbyterians.

THe News I pray! What doth this Throug mfer?
Do ye not know? *DUN* is turn'd PRESBYTER.
Well then! I ſee the Brethren in ſpite
Of *BISHOPS*, have obtained a *PROSELITE*;
One that will ſoon be on the Rigid Score,
And be a cauſe of turning many more.
Make him an *ELDER* then! Indeed ye ſhall:
For he is one that may advance you all.
That he is now a BROTHER, you muſt grant,
For I did ſee him take the COVENANT.
Take it indeed; yet you muſt underſtand,
'Twas but to give't the Honour of his Hand.
But to be bold, and come a little nigher,
He took it, true, but threw it in the Fire.
In which he ſhew'd himſelf a CHRISTIAN right,
To let the Works of Darkneſſe come to light.
Bark then *PHANATICKS*, who like *Demophon*,
Glow in the ſhade, and Freeze ſtill in the SUN.
Howle *Millenaries*, *Independents* too,

And *Anabaptists*, that Heretick Crew
Of *Presbyterian* By-blowes; If theſe Flaſhes
Be Sacred to you, Come and Urn the Aſhes:
For We eſteem the Reliques of theſe Sheets
Too dirty and debaucht to pave our Streets.
This Mouth-Granado, from that Scotch-witch came
To ſet three Glorious Kingdoms in a flame.
A Covenant? No, 'twas a Conſpiracy,
Plotted by Brethren in Iniquity.
Bold *Aſſaſſin's* that durſt attempt all ill,
And Holocauſt whole Kingdoms to Self-will.
Mend, mend, for ſhame, your Brother elſe will look,
To hang the Authors, as he burn't the Book.
But he preſumes, or hopes, ye'l rather turn,
Than follow your black Juncto to the Urn.
While I thus thinking am, who would deſire,
(Were it to Roaſt a RUMP) a fitter fire?
In which it now hath pleas'd the Fates to grant,
The Diſſolution of the----
----COVENANT.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THe Race of the Town of Jedburgh *is to be run the firſt Wedneſday of* June, *being the fifth day of* June: *The Cup of Ten pounds* Sterling *price ſet down at the expence of the ſaid Town; the Saddle by the Earl of* Lothian, *at the value of four pounds* Sterling.

A Fair at Selkirk *the fourth of* July, *and all the people are to have the liberty of the* Common *fourty eight hours before the Fair, and as much after; and all Goods at half Cuſtoms. This is a moſt excellent Market for Horſes of all ſorts, both for Hunting, Courſing and the great Saddle; and for excellent Milk-cows and Fat-oxen, and great Flocks of Sheep, the world can afford no better.*

On the eleventh of June, *ſix Brewſter wives, great with childe are to run from the* Thicket Burn *to the top of* Arthur Seat, *for a Groaning Cheeſe of one hundred pound weight, and a Budgell of* Dunkel Aquavitæ, *and a* Rumpkine *of* Brumſweek Mum *for the ſecond, ſet down by a* Dutch-Midwife. *The next day after, ſixteen Fiſh-wives are to Trot with from* Muſſelburgh *to the* Cannon-croſs, *for twelve pair of Lambs Harrigals.*

Edinburgh, Printed, *Anno Dom.* 1661.